There after followeth a litle boke called Colyn Clout compiled by maister Skelton Poete Laureate.

¶ Quis consurgat mecum aduersus malignãtes? aut quis stabit mecum aduersus operantes iniquitatem? Nemo domine.

hat can it auayle
To dryue forth a fnayle
Or to make a fayle
Of an herynges tayle
To ryme or to rayle
To wryte or to tnbyte
Eyther for delite
Or els for to defpite
Or bookes to compile
Of dyuers maner ftyle
Yyce to reuile
And fynne to eryle
To teache or to preache
As reafon wyll reache
Saye thys and faye that
His head is fo fat
He wotteth neuer what
Nor wherof he fpeaketh
He cryeth and he creketh
He pryeth and he peketh
He chydes and he chatters
He prates and he patters
He clytters and he clatters

He medles and he ſwatters
He gigles and he flatters
Or if he ſpeake plaine
Then he lacketh brayne
He is but a foole
Let him go to ſcoole
A three foted ſtoole
That he may downe ſyt
For he lacketh wit
And if that he hit
The nayle on the head
It ſtandeth in no ſtede
The Deuyll they ſay is dead
The Deuyll is dead.

It may well ſo be
Or els they wold ſee
Otherwiſe and flee
From worldly vanitie
And foule couetouſneſs
And other wretchednes
Fickell falſeneſſe
Variableneſſe

with vnstablenesse.

And if ye stand in dout
Who brought the stryne about
My name is Colpn Clout
I purpose to shake out
All my conning bagge
Lyke a clarkely hagge
For though my rime be ragged
Tattered and jagged
Rudely rayne beaten
Rusty and inoothe eaten
If ye talke well there with
It hath wit some pith
For as farre as I can see
It is wrong with ethe degree
For the temporalty
Accuseth the spiritualty
The spirituall agayn
Doth grudge and complain
Upon the temporall men
Thus eche of other blother
The tone against the tother

Alasse

Alas they make me shoder
For in hoder moder
The churche is put in faulte
The prelates ben so haut
They say, and loke so hye
As though they wold flye
Aboue the sterry sky

¶ Lay men say in dede
How they take no hede
Their sely shepe to fede
But plucke away and pul
The fleces of their wull
Unnethes they leue a locke
Of wull amonge their flocke
And as for theyr conning
A glumming and a mummyng
And make thereof a iape
They gaspe and they gape
All to haue promocyon
There is their whole deuocyon
With money, if it wyll hap
To catch the forked cap

Forsoth

For soth they are to lewd
To say so all be shrewd

What trow ye they say more
Of the bysshoppes lore
How in matters they be raw
They lumber forth the law
To herken Jacke and Gyl
When they put vp a bil
And iudge it as they wyl
For other mens skil
Expounding out their clauses
And leaue theyr own causes
In their pryncipal cure
They make but lytle sure
And meddels very light
In the churches right
But Ire and venire
And sol fa, so a lamire
That the premenire
Is like to be set a fire
In their iurisdictions
Through tempozall afflictions

When

Men say they haue prescriptions
Against ỳ spiritual contradictions
Accompting them as fictions.
¶ And whiles the heades doe thys
The remnaunt is a mis
The remnaunt is a mys
Of the clergy all
Both great and smal
I wot neuer how they warke
But thus the people carke
And surely thus they say
Ey shoppes if they may
Smal houses wold kepe
But slumbre forth and slepe
And assay to crepe.
Within the noble walles
Of the kinges halles
To fat they r bodyes ful
Their soules lame and dul
And haue full litle care
How euil their shepe fare

¶ The temporality say plain

How

How dil ſhoppes diſdain
Sermons for to make
Or ſuch labour to take
And for to ſay trouth
A great part is ful ſlouth
But the greateſt part
Is for they haue but ſmall art
And right ſclender cunning
Within their heades wunning
But this reaſon they take
How they are able to make
With their gold and treaſure
Clerkes out of meaſure
And yet that is a pleaſure
How be it ſome there bee
Almoſt two or three
Of that dignity
Full worſhipfull Clerkes
As appeareth by their werkes
Like Aaron and Vre
The wolfe from the doze
To wary and to kepe
From their goſtly ſhepe

And

And their ſpiritual lammes
Sequeſtred from rammes
And from the berded Gotes
With their hery cotes
Set nought by gold ne grotes
Their names if I durſt tel.

But they are lothe to mel
And lothe to hang the bel
About the cattes necke
For dred to haue a checke
They are fain to play, deus deck
Howbeit they are good men
Much harted lyke an hen
Their leſſons forgotten they haue
That Becket them gaue
Thomas manum mittit ad foꝛcia
Spernit damna ſpernit oppꝛobꝛia
Nulla Thomam frangit iniuria
But now euery ſpirituall father
When ſay they had rather
Spende muche of their ſhare
Than to be combred with care

Spend

Spende, naye but ſpare
For let ſee who that dare
Shoe the mockiſh mare
They make her winche and kicke
But it is not worthe a lecke
Boldneſſe is to ſeeke
The churche for to defende
Take me as I entende
For lothe I am to offende
In thys that I haue pende
I tell you as men ſay
Amend when ye may
For vſque ad montem fare
Men ſay ye cannot appare
For ſome ſay ye hunt in parkes
And Hauke on hobby Larkes
And other wanton warkes
Whan the night darkes.

What hath lay men doe
The gray goſe for to ſhoe,
Like houndes of hell
They cry and they yell

How

How that ye sell
The grace of the holy gast
Thus they make their bost
Through euery cost
How some of you do eat
In Lenton season flesh meat
Fesauntes Partricke and cranes
Men call you therfore prophanes
Ye picke no shrympes nor prawnes
Saltfysh, & stockfysh nor Herring
It is not for your wearing
Nor in holy Lenton season
Ye wil neither Benes ne Pesen
But ye looke to be let loose
To a pygge or to a Goose
your gorge not endewed
Without a Capon stewed
Or a stewed Cocke
Under her surfled smocke
And her wanton wodcocke

And how whan ye geue orders
In your prouinciall borders

As

As at ſicientes
Some are in ſufficientes
Some parum ſapientes
Some nichil intelligentes
Some valde negligentes
Some nullum ſenſum habentes
But beſtially and vntaught
But whan thei haue once caught
Dominus vobiſcum by the hed
Than renne they in euery ſtede
God wot with dronken nolles
Yet take they cures of ſoules
And woteth neuer what they rede
Pater noſter nor Crede
Conſtrue not worth a whiſſle
Nether goſpel nor pyſtle
Their Mattins madly ſayd
Nothyng deuoutly prayd
Their learning is ſo ſmall
Their prymes and houres fall
And lepe out of their lippes
Lyke ſawduſt or dry chippes
I ſpeake not now of al

But

But the moste parte in generall
Of such vacabundus
Speaketh totus Mundus
How some syng letabundus
At euery ale stake
With welcome hake and make
By the bread that God brake
I am sory for your sake
I speake not of the good wife
But of theyr Apostles lyfe
Cum ipsis vell illis
Qui manent in villis
Est vxor vel ancilla
Welcome Jacke and Gilla
My prety Petronylla
And you wyl be stylla
You shal haue your wylla
Of such Pater nosterpekes
All the world speakes.

¶ In you the faut is supposed
For that they are not apposed
By iust examinacion

In

In conning and conuersacion
They haue none instruction
To make a true construction
A preest without a letter
Without his vertue be greater
Doutlesse were much better
Upon him for to take
A Mattocke or a Rake
Alas for very shame
Some can not declyne they? name
Some can not scarsly rede
And yet wyll not drede
For to kepe a cure
And in nothing is sure
This dominus vobiscum
Is wyse as Tom a thrum
A chaplayne of trust
Layth all in the dust

¶ Thus I Colin Clout
As I go about
And wandryng as I walke
I heare the people talke

Men

When say for syluer and Gold
Writers are bought and sold
There shall no clergy appose
A myter nor a Crose
But a full purse
A straw for goddes curse
What are they the worse
For a simoniake
Is but a hermoniake
And no more ye make
Of Symony men say
But a childes play

Ouer this the forsayd lay
Repoyt how the Pope may
A holy anker call
Out of the stony wall
And hym a byshop make
If he on him dare take
To kepe so hard a rule
To ryde vpon a Mule
With gold all betrapped
In purple and paule be lapped

Some

Some hatted and some capped
Rychely be wrapped
God wot to theyr great paynes
In Rotchettes of fine raynes
Whyte as mornowes mylke
Their tabertes of fine silke
Their stirops of mixt gold begared
There may no cost be spared
Their Moyles Golde doth eate
Theyr neyghbours dye for meat.

What care they though Gill sweat
Or Jacke of the Noke
The poore people they yoke
With Sommons and Citacions
And excommunications
About churches and market
The byshop on his carpet
At home full soft doth syt
This is a fearful syt
To heare the people iangle
How warely they wrangle
Alas why do ye not handle

And them all mangle
Full falsly on you they lye
And shamefully you accuy
And say as vntruely
As the butter flye
A man might say in mocke
Ware the wether Cocke
Of thee steple of Poules
And thus they hurt their soules
In sclaunderyng you for truth
Alas it is great ruthe
Some say ye sit in trones
Like prynces aquilonis
And shryne your rotten bones
With pearles and precious stones
But how the commons grones
And the people mones
For prestes and for lones
Lent and neuer payde
But from day to day delayd
The commune welth decayd
Men say ye are tunge tayde
And therof speake nothing

But

But dissimuling and glosing
Wherfore men be supposing
That ye geue shrewd counsel
Against the commune wel
By polling and pillage
In cities and village
By taxyng and tollage
ye haue monkes to haue ꝑ culerage
For couerynge of an old cottage
That committed is a collage
In the charter of bottage
Tenure parseruice de sottage
And not parseruice de socage
After olde segnyours
And the learning of litletō tenours
ye haut so ouerthwarted
That good lawes are subuerted
And good reason peruerted

Religious men are fayne
For to turne agayne
In secula seculorum
And to forsake their corum

And vacabundare perforum
And take a fyne meritorum
Contra regulam morum
Aut blacke monacorum
Aut canonicorum
Aut Bernardinorum
Aut crucifixorum
And to lyng from place to place
Lyke apostataas
And the selfsame game
Begon and now with shame
Amongest the sely Nunnes
My lady now she runnes
Dame Sybly our Abbesse
Dame Dorothe and lady Besse
Dame Sare our Pryoresse
Out of theyr cloyster and queere
With an heauy cheere
Must cast vp their blacke vayles
And set vp their fucke sayles
To catch wind with their ventayles
What Colin thers thou shayles
yet thus with yll hayles

The

The lay fee people rayles

¶ And all they lay
In you prelates and say
ye do wrong and no right
To put them thus to flight
No Matins at midnight
Boke and chalis gone quite
Plucke away the leades
Ouer they r heades
And sel away they r bels
And al they that haue els
Thus the people tels
Rayles lyke rebels
Rede shrewdly and spels
And with foundacions mels
And talke lyke titiuelles
How ye breake the deades wils
Turn monasteris into water mils
Of an Abbay they make a graunge
your workes they say are straunge
So that they r founders soules
Haue lost they r beadroules

The mony for theyr masses
Spent among wanton lasses
The Diriges are forgotten
Their founders lye there rotten
But where theyr soules dwel
Therwith I wil not mel
What could the Turke do more
Wyth al hys false lore
Turke, Sarazyn or Jew
I report me to you

¶ O merciful Jesu
you support and rescite
My stile for to directe
It may take some effect
For I abhorre to wryte
How the lay fee dispite
you prelates that of right
Should be lanternes of light
ye liue they say in delyte
Drowned in deliciis
In gloria et diuiciis
Into admirabile honore

In

In gloria et ſplendore
Fulgurantes haſte
Uiuentes parum caſte
yet ſwete meat hath ſoure ſauce
For after g'oria laus
Chriſt by cruelte
Was nayled vpon a tree
He payed a bitter pencion
For mans redempcyon
He dranke eiſel and gall
To redeme vs withall
But ſwete Ypocras ye drynke
With let the Cat winke
Ich wot what eche other thynke
How be it per aſſimule
Some men thinke that ye
Shal haue penalty
For your iniquity
Nota what I ſay
And beare it well away
If it pleaſe not theologys
It is good for aſtrologis
For Ptolome told me

The

The sunne somtime to be
In Ariete
Ascendent a degree
Whan Scorpion descending
Was so then pretending
All fatall sorowe
That shall sit on a trone
And rule all thinges alone
Your teeth whet on this bone
Amongest you euery chone
And let Collyn Clout haue none
Maner of cause to mone
Lay salue to your own sore
For els, as I sayd before
After gloria laus
May come a soure sauce
Sory therfore am I
But trouth can neuer lye

With language thus poluted
Holy church is bruted
And shamefully confuted
Wypen now wyll I sharpe

And

And wrest vp my harpe
With sharp twinking trebels
Against all such rebels
That labour to confound
And bring the church to the ground
As ye may daily see
Howe the Laye fee
Of one affimtee
Consente and agree
Agaynste the Churche to be
And the dignitee
Of the bysshoppes fee
And eyther ye be to bad
Or els they are mad
Of this to report
But vnder your support
Tyll my dying day
I shall bothe wryte and saye
And ye shal do the same
Howe they are to blame
you thus to diffame
For it maketh me sad
Howe that the people are glad

The

The church to depraue
And some there are that raue
Presuming on their wit
Whan there is neuer a whit
To maintain argumentes
Against the sacramentes

Some make epilogacion
Of high predestinacion
And of residenacion
They make interpretacion
Of an aquard facion
And of the prescience
Of diuine essence
And what Ypostatis
Of Christes manhode is
Suche logike men wyl chop
And in their fury hop
When the good ale sop
Dothe daunce in their foze top
Both women and men
Such ye may wel know and ken
That agayn presthode

theyr

Their malice spred abrode
Railing hatnously
And disdatnously
Of prestly dignities
But their malignities

¶ And some haue a smacke
Of Luthers sacke
And a brenning spacke
Of Luthers wacke
And are somwhat suspect
In Luthers sect
And some of them barke
Clatter and Carpe
Of that Heresy art
Called wicleuista
The Deueliſh dogmatiſts
And some be hussians
And some be Arrians
And some be pollegians
And make much barians
Betwene the clergy
And the temporalty

Howe

How the church hath to mickel
And they haue to litel
And bryng him in maierialities
And qualified qualities
Of pluralities
Of tryalities
And of tot quottes
They commune like lottes
As cometh to their lottes
Of prebendaries and deanes
How some of them gleanes
And gathereth vp the store
For to catch more and more
Of persons and vicaries
They make many out cryes
They cannot kepe theyr wiues
From them for theyr liues
And thus the losels striues
And lewdly sayes by Christ
Agaynst the sely preest
Alas and wel away
What ayles them thus to say
They mought be better auysed.

Then

Then to be disgised
But they haue enterprysed
And shamefully furnised
How prelacy is sold and boughte
And come vp of nought
And where the prelates be
Come of lowe degre
And set in maiesty
And spiritual dignity
Farwel benignity
Farwel simplicity
Farwel humility
Farwel good charity

ye are so puffed with pryde
That no man may abide
your high and lordly lokes
ye cast vp then your bokes
And vertue is forgotten
For then ye wyll be wroken
Of euery light quarel
And call a Lord a iauel
A knight a knaue to make

ye

ye bolle, ye face, ye crake
And vpon you take
To rule king and kayser
And if you may haue layser
ye bring all to nought
And that is all your thought
For the Lordes temporall
Their rule is very smal
Almost nothing at al
When say how ye appal
The noble bloud royal
In erneſt and in game
ye are the leſſe to blame
For Lordes of noble bloud
If they wel vnderſtand
How conning might them auaunce
They wold pype you another daūce
But noble men borne
To learne they haue ſcorne
But hunt and blow an horne
Leape ouerlakes and dikes
Set nothing by politikes
Therfore ye kepe them bace

And

And mocke them to their face
This is a pitious case
To you that ouer the wheele
Lordes must couch and kneele
And breake their hose at the knee
As daily men may see
And to remembraunce cal
Fortune so turneth the ball
And ruleth so ouer all
That honour hath a great fall.
¶ What I tel you more, ye shal
I am lothe to tel al
But the communalty ye call
Idols of Babilon
De terra zabulon
De terra Neptalym
For you loue to go trim
Brought vp of poore estate
Wyth pryde inordinate
Sodaynly vpstart
From the dong cart
The Mattockes and the shule
To reygne and to rule

And

And haue no grace to thinke
How they were wont to drynke
Of a lether bottell
With a knauish stoppel
Whan mamockes was your meat
With mould breade to eat
ye wold none other geat
To chew and to gnaw
To fil therwith your maw
Lodged in the straw
Couching your drouſy heades
Somtime in louſy beddes
Alas this is out of mind
ye grow now out of kind
Many one haue but wind
And make the commons blind
But quiſe exiſtimat stare
Let him well beware
Leaſt that his fote ſlip
And haue ſuch a trip
And falſe in ſuch decay
That al the world might ſay
Come down on the deuils way

yet

¶ Ye touer all that
Of bisshops they chat
That though ye rounde your heare
An ynche aboue your eare
And aures patentes
And parum intendentes
And your coursers be trapped
your eares they be stopped
For maister adulator
And doctour assentator
And blandior blandiris
With mentor mentiris
That ye can not espie
They folow your desyres
And so they blere your eye
How the male doth wryte

¶ Alas for gods wil
Whye syte ye Prelates styl
And suffer all this yll
ye Bysshoppes of estates
Shoulde open the brode gates
For your spirituall charge

And confort at large
Like lanternes of light
In the peoples fighte
In pulpittes auntentike
For the wele publike
Of prieſthod in this caſe
And alwayes to chaſe
Suche manner of ſiſmatikes
And halfe heretikes
That wold intoxicate
That wold conquinate
That wold contamininate
And that would violate
And that would derogate
And that would abrogate
The churche high eſtates
After this manner rates
The whyche ſhoulde be
Bothe franke and free
And haue their liberty
And of antiquity
It was ratefyed
And alſo gratefyed

By

By holy ſinodals
And buls papals
As it is res certa
Conteygned in magna Carta.

¶ But maiſter Damyan
Or ſome other man
That clerkely is, and can
Wel ſcripture expound
And textes grounde.
His benefice woꝛth ten pound
Or ſkant woꝛth twenty marke
And yet a noble clerke
He muſt do this werke
As I know a part
Some mayſters of Art
Some doctours of law
Some learned in other ſaw
As in diuinitie
That hath no dignitie
But the poꝛe degree
Of the vniuerſitie
Or elſe Frere Fredericke

Or els frere Dominike
Or frere Hugulinus
Or frere Agustinus
Or frere Carmelus
That gostly can heale vs
Or elsse if we maye
Get a frere Graye
Or elste of the order
Vppon Grenewiche border
Called obseruaunce
And a frere of Fraunce
Or elsse the poore scot
It muste come to hys lot
To shote forth his shot
Or of Babuell beside Bery
To postell vpon a kyry
That woulde it shoulde be noted
How scripture shoulde be coted
And so clerkly promoted
And yet the frere doted
Men say

¶ But your authority

And

And your noble fee
And your dignitie
Should be inprynted better
Then all the Freres letter
For if ye wolde take payne
To preache a worde or twayne
Though it were neuer so playne
With clauses two or three
So as they mighte be
Compendiously conueyed
These wordes should be more well
And better perceyued
And thankfully receyued
And better shoulde remayne
Amonge the people playne
That wolde your wordes retayne
And reherse them agayne
Than a thousand thousand other
That blaber, barke and blother
And make a Walshmans hose
Of the text and of the glose

¶ For protestation made

That I wyl not wade
Farther in this brooke
Nor farther for to looke
In deuising of this boke
But answer that I may
For my self alwaye
Either analogice
Or els pythagorice
So that in diuinitee
Doctors that learned be
Nor bacheliers of that facultie
That hath taken degre
In the vniuersitie
Shall not be obiected for me.

¶ But doctour bullatus
Parum litteratus
Dominus doctoratus
At the brode gatus
Doctour daupatus
And bacheler bacheleratus
Dronken as a mouse
At the ale house

Taketh

Taketh his pillion and his cap
At the good ale tap
For lacke of good wyne
As wyse as Robin swine
Under a notaries signe
Was made a diuine
As wise as walters calfe
Must preache a goddes halfe
In the pulpyt solempnly
More meet in a pillory
For by saynt Hillary
He can nothyng smatter
Of logike nor scole matter
Neyther sillogisare
Nor of emptimemare
Nor knoweth his eloquence
Nor his predicamence

And yet he wil mel
To amend the Gospel
And wil preach and tel
What they do in hel
And he dare not wel neuen

What they do in heauen
Nor how far temple bare is
From the seuen sterres

Nowe wyll I goe
And tell of other moe
Semper protestandoe
De non impugnandoe
The foure orders of fryers
thoughe some of them be lyers
As limiters at large
wyll charge and discharge
As many a fryer God wot
Preaches for his grote
Flatterynge for a newe cote
And for to haue hys fees
Some to gather cheese
Lothe they are to leese
Eyther Corne or Wault
Sometime Meale and Saulte
Sometime a bacon flicke
that is three fingers thycke
Of larde and of greace

Their couent to encrace

¶ I put you out of doubt
This cannot be brought about
But they their tonges file
And make a pleasaunte style
To Margerye and to Maude
Howe they haue no fraude
And somtyme they prouoke
Bothe Gyll and Jacke at noke
Their duties to withdraw
That they ought by the law
Their curates to content
In open time and in Lente
God wot they take great payne
To flatter and to fayne
But it is and old sayd saw
That neede hathe no lawe
Some walke aboute in melottes
In gray russet and hery cotes
Some wil neither golde ne grotes
Some pluck a partrich in remotes
And by the barres in her tayle

Will know a Rauen from a rayle
A quail, the raile, and the old rauen
Sed libera nos a malo Amen.
And by dudum their clementine
Againste Curates repine
And say propreli thei are sacerdotes
To shryue, assoyle and reles
Dame margeries soule out of hel
But when the frier fel in the wel
He could not sing him self therout
But by the helpe of Christian clout

¶ Another clementine also
How frere Fabion, with other mo
Exiuit de paradiso
Whan they again thether shall com
De hoc petimus consilium
And through all the world they go
With Dirige and placebo.

But now my minde ye vnderstand
For they muste take in hand
To preach and to withstand

All

Al maner of abiections
For bi∫hops haue protections
They ∫ay to do corrections
But they haue no affections
To take the ∫ayd dyrections
In ∫uch maner of ca∫es
Wen ∫ay they beare no fa∫es
To occupy ∫uch places
To ∫ow the ∫ede of graces
Their hartes are ∫o faynted
And they be ∫o attaynted
With coueitous and ambicion
And other ∫uper∫tition
That they be deafe and dum
And play ∫cylens and glum
Can ∫ay nothing but mum.

¶ They occupy theim ∫o
With ∫inging placebo
They wyl no farther go
They had leuer to plea∫e
And take their wordly ea∫e
Than to take on hand

Worshyp to wythstande

Such temporal war and bate
As nowe is made of late
Against holy churche estate
Or to mayntayne good quarelles
The laye men call them barelles
Full of glotonye
And of hipocrisye
The counterfaytes and paynets
As they were verye saintes
In matters that them lyke
They shew them politike.

Pretending grauitie
And syngnyorytie
With all solempnitie
For their indempnitie
For they will haue no lesse
Of a peny, nor of a crosse
Of theyr predyall landes
That cometh to their handes
And as farre as they dare set

All

All is fysshe that cometh to the net
Building royally
Theyr mencions curiously
With turrettes and with toures
With halles and with boures
Stretchyng to the starres
With glasse windowes and barres
Hangyng about the walles
Clothes of golde and palles
Arras of ryche araye
Freshe as floures in Maye
Wyth dame Dyana naked
Howe lustye Uenus quaked
And howe Cupide shaked
His darte and bente hys bowe
For to shote a Crowe
At her tryly tryslowe
And howe Paris of Troye
Daunced a lege de moy
Made lustye sporte and ioye
With dame Helyn the Queene
With such storyes bydeen
Their chambers well be seen

With

With triumphes of Cesar
And of his Pompeius war
Of renowne and of fame
By them to get a name

How all the world stares
How they ryde in goodly chares
Conueyed by Olyphantes
With Lauriat garlantes
And by vnycornes
With their semely hornes
Upon these beastes riding
Naked boyes striding
With wanton wenches winking
Now truly to my thinking
That is a speculacion
And a mete meditacion
For prelates of estate
Their courage to abate
From worldly wantonnes
Their chambre thus to dres
With such parfetnes
And all such holynes

Howe

How be it they let down fall
Their churches cathedral

¶ Squire knight and Lord
Thus the church remord
With all temporal people
They runne against the steeple
Thus talkinge and tellinge
Howe some of you are mellynge
yet softe and fayre for swellyng
Beware of a queanes yelling
It is a bely thing
For one man to rule a king
Alone and make rekening
To gouerne ouer all
And rule a realme royall
By one mannes wit
Fortune may chaunce to flit
And whan he weneth to syt
yet may he mysse the quisshon
For I rede a prepositon
Sum regibus amicare
Et omnibus dominare

Et

Et ſuprate prauare
Wherfore he hathe good vre
That can him ſelf aſſure
How fortune wyl endure
Than let reaſon you ſuppoꝛt
Foꝛ the communalte
That they haue great wonder
That we kepe them ſo vnder
yet they meruayle ſo muche leſſe
Foꝛ ye play ſo at the cheſſe
As they ſuppoſe and geſſe
That ſome of you but late
Hath played ſo checkmate
With Loꝛdes of great eſtate
After ſuch a rate
That they ſhall mell noꝛ make
Noꝛ vpon them take
Foꝛ king noꝛ kayſer ſake
But at the pleaſure of one
That ruleth the reſt alone.

Helas, I ſaye Helas
Howe maye thys come to paſſe

That

That a man ſhall be ace a maſſe
And not ſo hardy on his head
To loke on God in forme of breade
But that the paryſhe clerke
There vpon muſt herke
And graunt him at his aſking
For to ſee the ſacryng

¶ And how may this accord
No man to our ſouerayne Lord
So hardy to make ſute
Nor to execute
His commaundement
Without the aſſent
Of our preſident
Nor to expreſſe to his perſon
Without your conſentacion
Graunt him his licence
To preace to his preſence
Nor to ſpeake to him ſecretly
Openly nor preuyly
Without his preſident be by
Or els his ſubſtitute

Whome he wyl depute
Neyther Earle ne duke
Permitted by saynt Luke
And by sweet saynt Marke
This is a wonderous warke
That the people talke this
Somewhat there is amis
the deuil cannot stop their mouthes
but they wil talk of such vncouthes
All that euer they ken
Against all spirituall men.

¶ Whether it be wronge or ryghte
Or els for dispighte
Or howe euer it happe
Theyr tounges thus do clap
And through such detraction
They put you to your action
And whether they say truely
As they may abide therby
Or els that they do lye
Ye know better than I
But now, debetis scire

And

And groundlye audire
In your conuenire
Of this premenire
Or els in the myre
They say they wil you cast
Therfore stand sure and fast.

Stand sure and take good fotinge
And let be al your moting
your gasing and your toting
And your parciall promoting
Of those that stande in your grace
But olde seruauntes ye chase
And put them out of their place
Make ye no murmuracion
Though I wryte after this facion
Though I Colyn Clout
Among the whole route
Of you that clearkes be
Take vpon me
Thus copiously to wryte
I do it not for no despite
Wherfore take no disdaine

At my ſtile rude and playne
For I rebuke no man
That vertuous is, why than
Wreke ye your anger on me
For thoſe that vertuous be
Haue no cauſe to ſay
That I ſpeake out of the way

¶ Of no good by ſhop ſpeake I
Nor good preſt I eiery
Good Frere, nor good Chanon
Good Nunne, nor good Canon
Good Monke, nor good Clerke
Nor of no good werke
But my recountyng is
Of them that do amis
In ſpeaking and rebelling
In hyndering and diſauailing
Holy church our mother
One againſt another
To vſe ſuch deſpiling
Is all my whole wryting
To hynder no man

As

As neare as I can
For no man haue I named
Wherfore should I be blamed
ye ought to be ashamed
Against me to be greued
And cannot tell no cause why
But that I wryte truly

Then if any there be
Of high or low degre
Of the spiritualty
Or of the temporalty
That doth thinke or wene
That his conscience be not clene
And feleth hym selfe sycke
Or touched on the quicke
Such grace God them send
Them self to amend
For I wyll not pretend
Any man to offend

Wherfore as thinketh me
Great poettes they be

And lytle grace they haue
This treatise to depraue
Nor wil heare no preaching
Nor no vertuous teaching
Nor wyll haue no reseting
Of any vertuous wryting
Wil know none intelligence
To reformme their negligence
But liue still out of facion
To their owne damnacyon
To do shame, they haue no shame
But they wold no man shuld them blame
They haue an euyl name
But yet they wil occupy the same

With them the word of God
Is counted for no rod
They count it for a rayling
That nothing is auayling
The preachers with euil hailing
Shal they daunt vs prelates
That be their prymates?
Not so hardy on their pates

Herke

Harke how the losel prates
With a wode wesaunte
Auaunt syr Guy of gaunt
Auaunte lewde preest auaunt
Auaunte syr doctoure deupes
Prate of thy mattens and thi masse
And let our matter passe
How dareste thou daurocke me!
How dareste thou losel
Alligate the gospel
Against vs of the counsel
Auaunt to the deuil of hel

¶ Take him warden of the Flete
Set him fast by the fete
I say lyuetenaunt of the toure
Make this lurden for to loure
Lodge him in litle ease
Fede him wyth Beanes and Pease
the kinges bench or Marshalsy
Haue him thether by and by
the villaine preacheth openly
And declareth our villany

And

And of our free ſimpleneſſe
He ſayes that we are recheleſſe
And full of wyckednneſſe
Shameles, and mercyles
Incorrigible and inſaciate
And after this rate
Againſt vs doth prate

At Paules croſſe or els where
Openly at Weſtminſtere
And ſaynt Mary ſpittel
They ſet not by vs a whittel
At the Auſten fryers
They count vs for lyers

And at ſaynt Thomas of Akers
They rayle vs lyke crakers
How we wyl rule al at wil
Without good reaſon or ſkyll
And ſay how that we be
Full of partialitie
And how at a ſponge
We turne right into wrong

Delay

Delay cauſes ſo longe
That right no man can fonge
They ſay many matters be borne
By the right of a rammes horne
Is not this a ſhameful ſcorne?
To be teared thus and torne.

How may we thus indure
Wherfore we make you ſure
ye preachers ſhalbe pawde
Some ſhalbe ſawde
As noble Ezechias
The holy prophet was
And ſome of you ſhall dye
Lyke holy Jeremy
Some hanged ſome ſlayn
Some beaten to the brayne
And we wil rule and rayne
And our matters maintaine
Who dare ſay there agayne
Or who dare diſdaine
At your pleaſure and wil
For be it good or be it yll

Is it is, it ſhalbe ſtil
For al maſter doctour of ciuil
Or of diuine, or doctour dyuil
Let him cough, rough or ſneuil
Renne God, renne deuil
Renne who may renne beſt
And let take all the reſt
We ſet not a nut ſhel
the way to heauen or to hel.

LO, this is the giſe now a dayes
It is to dꝛede men ſayes
Leaſt thei be ſaducies
As they be ſayd ſayne
Which determine playne
We ſhould not riſe agayne
At dꝛeadful domes day
And ſo it ſemeth they play
Which hate to be coꝛrecteꝺ
When they be infected
For wyl ſuffre thys boke
By hooke ne by crooke
Pꝛynted for to be

For

For that no man ſhould ſee
Nor rede in any ſcrolles
Of their dronken nolles
Nor of their noddy polles
Nor of theyr ſely ſoules
Nor of ſome wyues pates
Of diuers great eſtates
As well as other men
¶ Now to withdraw my pen
And now a while to reſt
Me ſemeth it for the beſt.

¶ The fore caſtel of my ſhip
Shall glide and ſmothely ſlip
Out of the waues wode
Of the ſtormye floude
Shote anker and lye at rode
And ſayle not farre a brode
Til the cooſte be clere
That the lode ſtarre appere
My ſhyp now wyl I pere
towarde the port ſalu
Of our ſauiour Jeſu

Such

Such grace that he vs send
To rectify and amend
Thinges that are amis
When that his pleasure is.

Amen.

In opere imperfecto
In opere semper perfecto
Et in opere plus quam perfecto

Imprynted at London in Paules Churche yarde at the Sygne of the Lambe by Abraham Veale.